

THE CAPE ANN SHORE



THE ORIGINAL "GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN" OF
THE TWO-HOOKER GEORGES TYPE. FROM
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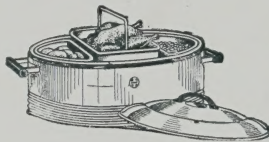
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THE CAPE ANN SHORE

FORTIETH SEASON

Gloucester, Eastern Point, Bass Rocks,
Long Beach, Briar Neck



Land's End, Rockport, Pigeon Cove, An-
nisquam and River Territory, Fernwood,
Magnolia, Manchester and Essex County.

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YACHTING OF THE WEEK

NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE SUMMER COLONY OF GREATER CAPE ANN

POINTS OF INTEREST

Gloucester, Cape Ann — First white man to visit its shores was Thorwald in 1004. Harbor called by Norsemen "Krossanes." Gosnold landed here in 1602 and found the place had been used as a base by Portuguese fishermen. In 1605 Champlain sailed by the Cape but did not land. The next year, September 1606, he entered the harbor which he named Le Beauport and made a map of it. Attacked by 200 Indians and sailed away the next day. In 1614 Capt. John Smith named it Cape Ann after Anne of Denmark, mother of King Charles I. First permanent settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1623.

Stage Fort Park at westerly entrance of city. Site of settlement of Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1623-24. Tablet in commemoration of that fact placed on face of large boulder. Conant, Half Moon and Stone beaches.

Rafe's Chasm and Norman's Woe. Scene of "Wreck of the Hesperus." At Magnolia, Hesperus avenue. Fissure in solid rock cliff is 60 feet deep and 12 feet wide.

Mother Ann profile in Stone discovered in 1892 by Capt. William Thompson of Salem at tip end of Eastern Point. Dog Bar breakwater extends from a half mile long, completed in 1904 and extends from this point. On Eastern Point are many of the show residences of the North Shore. "The Ram-

parts" occupies site of Fort Independence.

Ten Pound Island in outer harbor; government fish hatchery thereon. Used as sheep pasture in early days. Five Pound Island in inner harbor; both so named for amounts in colonial money originally sold for.

Thompson's mountain, or Mt. Anne, West Gloucester, highest elevation on the Cape, 255 feet above sea level. Fine view ranging from Mt. Agamenticus on Maine coast to Wachusett Mountain, Bunker Hill Monument to Boston Bay. Tract given over as reservation in memory of Lawrence Minot; thickly wooded, favorite picnic resort; reached from New Way Lane. Nearby is Haskell's pond, from which city's water is secured.

Ravenswood Park, natural forest area extending from Fresh Water Cove to West Gloucester. Reached from Fresh Water Cove or the so-called Old Salem road, Western avenue. Mason Walton's cabin, "Hermit of Bond's Hill," on this road. Well worth frequenting.

Beacon or Governor's Hill, near center of city, from Washington street. Small reservation at top from which a fine view may be obtained.

Dogtown Commons, site of deserted Revolutionary settlement. Reached from Gee avenue, Riverdale. Fine example of boulder deposits of glacial period. "Whale's Jaw," best

known of these boulders, at edge of common. Rocking stone, etc., now taken over by the city as a water shed.

Wharves skirting the water front, interesting as affording "close-up" of fish curing, etc.

Babson House, opposite Ellery House, erected by Col. John Low about 1745. Old slave pens in attic.

Main street, first known as Fore, afterwards as Front street. Principal business avenue. Laid out 1642. Middle street, paralleling Main, contains many old colonial houses and the Judith Sargent house, the grounds of which, originally extending to Main street have been restored.

On Middle street are the First Parish (Unitarian) Church, oldest in Gloucester; Independent Christian (Universalist) first Universalist society in America, church edifice erected 1805; St. John's Episcopal Church, Trinity Congregational Church and the First Baptist Church.

Sawyer Free Library and Reading Room, Middle street, adjoining Unitarian church. Interior fine specimen of colonial woodwork. Originally home of Thomas Sanders, merchant.

Old Town Hall Square, at junction of Middle and Washington streets. Beautiful American Legion Memorial building and monument on which was placed statue of Joan of Arc by Anna Vaughn Hyatt.

Fort Point, at western side of inner harbor, down Commercial street from Main, fortified in 1743. Now Italian quarter and rendezvous of fishermen of that nationality.

Drives around the Cape: Up Washington street, through Riverdale, past Annisquam, Bay View, Lanesville into Pigeon Cove, Rockport and completing the circuit to Gloucester. Almost a continuous ocean view, which was completed when the Bass Rocks-Land's End stretch was completed.

Beaches: Little Good Harbor and Long Beaches, between Bass Rocks and Land's End, Rockport. Wingsheek Beach, West Gloucester, largest on Cape, two miles long, 600 feet deep at low tide; reached from Essex avenue, West Gloucester, down Concord street.

Quarries at Bay View and Pigeon Cove, among largest in country, near main highway.

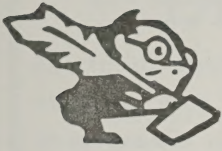
Blynnan canal, first cut in 1642 by Rev. Richard Blynnan, at Western entrance of city.

Drives: "Little Heater," "Dark Hole" at West Gloucester.

Old Salem road, first highway from the town, blazed out in 1626, when part of the settlers went to Salem. Down Hesperus avenue (discontinued in 1892) to Salem. Name erroneously applied to Old Pest House road, leading through Ravenswood park from Western ave.

RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN

Marie Gilchrist, in "New York Sun"



His room is like the cabin of a ship.
The walls are papered with the charts
he used
When, master of a brass-bound hull, he
cruised
Trading his way on many a year-long
trip.
His thought is built like that small room
of maps
Lined with the faded charts of old
seafaring —
His latitudes and longitudes of daring —

Marked with a ship's unfathomed grave,
perhaps.
He docked at ports no other Yankee
made,
He sounded coral reef and chartless
shoal,
And still a star-directed course he steers,
His might grown less, his old heart
unafraid.
His only passport is an ageless soul
Bared to the challenge of the 'longshore
years.



"PROCESSING"

THE matter of the so-called cotton processing tax has been prominently injected into public discussion during the past year and among its sins of commission ascribed to its working by its opponents is that it has wrecked the cotton mill industry of New England. But does a calm analysis of the situation bear out these deductions? As a matter of fact the death rattle of the textile industry in New England has been heard in its throat for the past fifteen years.

In 1931 an editorial appeared in THE SHORE—before the present Administration came into being—treating of this very matter. In essence it reviewed the evolution of New England from early colonial times into a manufacturing center. How its many rivers, Kennebec, Penobscot, Androscoggin, Saco, Merrimac, Connecticut and others furnished abundant water power. How the economic setup, the Southern planters, a non-industrial community sent their cotton and textiles to the New England to be converted into fabrics which happy state was continued into the Civil war with harmony on both sides until the controversial issues of the Civil war were interjected.

Also the shoe industry. How the meat problem of this industrial region was in the hands of New England farmers whose herds of cattle and flocks of sheep furnished the meat supply until well after the Civil war when the Cape Cod Swifts and other butchers went west and developed this great industry. The by-products, the hides, went to local tanners converted into leather.

One of the earliest settlers of Lynn was John Adams Dagyr, a cordwainer—or in modern parlance a shoemaker. He set up a shop for making of shoes for such as could afford them in those primitive times. From this one man cobbler's bench grew the mighty shoe manufacturing industry of Lynn which permeated nearly all the eastern section of New England.

Both textiles and shoe manufactur-

ing thrive well up to say a quarter of a century ago. The editorial referred to in the beginning had its genesis in the report of the national census of from 1920-30 wherein it was shown in the most prosperous decade in the history of this country—perhaps of any country—great manufacturing centers as Lowell, Lawrence, Fall River, and others had fallen off in population fully ten thousand inhabitants each and that other centers mainly nearer Boston had barely held their own.

Why then in this ten years orgy of prosperity had this contradictory showing—decrease of population been shown? There were two answers, that the exactions of labor resulting in numerous and prolonged strikes terminating, almost invariably, in the demands of the strikers being granted had resulted in putting many manufacturers and factories out of business.

What happened? Cotton manufacturers were driven to the South right on top of the field of the raw material. Again the freightage to the northern factories was saved—a material factor inasmuch as the railroad haulage was jacked to large figures to make up for increased labor material and administration costs. So has commenced and has gone on to this day the process of human attrition which has brought the New England textile and boot industries to where they are today. Notwithstanding this severe lesson the workmen continue to strike and seek for higher wages in face of the fact that manufacturers in more favored localities can undersell New England producers.

The shoe business has gone largely to the middle west at the bridgehead of the hide and tanning industry, the manufactured product being sold in competition with that produced in Lynn, Brockton and other centers.

This result was bound to come anyway. New England handicapped from being away from the base of supplies was bound to lose its monopoly of these industries, the item of railroad

THE DORSEY FATHOMETER

THE writer who for some five years followed the sea, while on watch, especially along a dangerous shore in thick weather often pondered the hard lot of the leadsman on the early voyages to New England in uncharted waters. Stationed in the chains, throwing a heavy eight or ten pound lead continuously and hauling it up that its marks and depths might be measured, his was a monotonous, backbreaking but tremendously responsible job. On him depended the safety of ship and crew. And this custom was carried on in the last war in the navy, a certain training being inculcated into candidates for the place.

Now all this drudgery has been removed by an invention which next to the mariners compass outstands in the repertoire of the navigator. To have achieved that is something of humanitarian note.

This invention was conceived by Dr. Herbert Dorsey, for many years a resident of this city during his connection with the Hammond research laboratory. Applying the well known scientific principle of the length of time sound travels he devised apparatus which touching bottom caused the noise or echo to travel upward and register the distance on a gauge which translated it into the exact number of fathoms or feet below the vessel's keel.

All a navigator has to do while supervising the automatic steering gear is to keep his eye on a dial which instantaneously registers the precise depth under the ship.

The United States government has officially recognized Dr. Dorsey by proclaiming him the inventor in this wise:

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey
Washington

December 13, 1934.

Dr. Herbert Grove Dorsey,
Principal Electrical Engineer,
U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey,
Washington, D. C.

I want to express my appreciation of your contribution to the hydrographic surveying equipment of the United States Government

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WANDERLUST

Gerald Gould

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West
the sea,
And East and West, the wanderlust that will
not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me
say goodbye,
For the seas call and the stars call, and Oh, the
call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what
the blue hills are,
But man can have the sun for friend, and for
his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the
voice is heard.
For the river calls and the road calls, and Oh,
the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night
and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young
ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask
you why
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun
and the white road and the sky!

Art and Dramatic

AT THE NORTH SHORE
THEATRE

THRILLS, Romance and superb entertainment is at the North Shore Theater next week.

Modern as today's newspaper headlines, and thrilling as their graphic accounts of the war of the government on organized crime, is "Public Hero Number 1," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's amazing thriller of the work of the secret service, Sat., Sun., Mon., and Tues. at the North Shore Theatre.

Lionel Barrymore plays the principal character role, in which he demonstrates an amazing facility for comedy along with drama as the bibulous Dr. Glass, physician-ordinary to the cohorts of the underworld.

Chester Morris gives what is probably the finest performance of his entire career as the adventurous Jeff Crane, who exposes himself to all sorts of dangers in getting out of perilous close quarters.

Also outstanding is the gangster portrayal of Joseph Calleia, who created such a personal hit in the New York stage play, "Small Miracle," and who now gives every evidence of being in great demand for picture roles.

It's laugh week at the North Shore Theatre this week with the irrepressible Charlie Ruggles and the effervescent Mary Boland capering across the screen in "People Will Talk," Paramount's new and highly diverting comedy of domestic manners.

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MISS MECHLIN'S ADDRESS

MISS Lelia Mechlin, writer on art subjects, spoke interestingly before several hundred people Monday night at the North Shore headquarters on the advancement of art in the South during the past five years, noting the galleries at Tel-fair, Duke University, University of Virginia and other centers in North and South Carolina as instances in point. She was assisted in receiving by Margaret Fitzhugh Browne.

The waitress corps of young An-nisquam "buds" included Marjorie Osgood, Charlotte Ives, Barbara Merriam, Nancy Tolmie, Jean Wheeler, Julia Johnston, and Faye Stacey.

Members of the art world noted included Mr. and Mrs. J. Eliot Enneking, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Stoddard, Mrs. Polly Nordell, Mrs. Julia Sulzer Griffith, Miss Ruth Hallock, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Henry Atkins, Mrs. Laura D. S. Ladd, Daniel O. Brewster, Miss Mae Bennett-Brown, Virginia Williams, Ann Pemberton, Mrs. Antoinette Inglis, Mrs. Joel P. Glass, Eben F. Comins, Mr. and Mrs. Nicola D'Ascenzo, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley W. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. William Meyerowitz, Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Smith, Mrs. Courtland Butler and Mary Hooper.

J. ELIOT ENNEKING of Brookline, Mass., has taken the Fireside Studio in Dock Sq. Rockport, until October 15th.

An exhibition of the artist's

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North Shore Theatre

Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues.
July 20, 21, 22, 23

PUBLIC HERO NO. 1
with Chester Morris and
Jean Arthur

PEOPLE WILL TALK
with Charles Ruggles and
Mary Boland

Wed., Thurs., Fri.
July 24, 25, 26

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE
with Lionel Barrymore, Bela
Lugosi, Lionel Atwill,
Jean Hersholt

VAGABOND LADY
with Robert Young and
Evelyn Venerable

*If It's at the North Shore
It's the Best Show in Town!*



FLOYD IRESON VINDICATED!

Student of the Abandonment Episode Writes Convincingly That the Poet Wronged the Bluff Old Skipper

(Note: Recently looking over an old file of cuttings we came across the following account from the Marblehead Messenger of Sept., 1927, one of the outstanding weeklies of this section—dealing with the subject of Skipper Floyd Ireson immortalized in a certain way by Whittier. We feel sure that it will prove of interest to our readers who have from time to time registered their approval of maritime articles, especially those pertaining to the fisheries Marblehead and Gloucester which for 200 years were practically one in commercial and social atmosphere. The author apparently has given the matter research and study.—The Editor.)

by the primitive expedient of unloading the blame upon their skipper. So successful were they that he suffered consummate ignominy, at the hands of a hot-headed group of his irate townsmen, with the blindness and celerity of lynch-law.

It was in the year 1808. Long afterward, the Quaker poet of New England innocently recalled a fragment of doggerel which had fallen from the lips of a schoolmate of his youth,—a native of Marblehead:

he graciously arranged to have printed, in future editions of his poems, a letter, saying in part: "I knew nothing of the particulars, and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy . . . I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to anyone dead or living."

But the elocutionist, with a gift for neatly rolling his R's, continues to provoke a smile as he counterfeits the old Marblehead dialect, and paints the serio-comic picture of the unfortunate skipper—



"THE FOG WARNING" BY WINSLOW HOMER

Painting in Possession of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts Showing a "Single Dory" Halibut Fisherman on the Banks Rowing for His Vessel Warned by the Oncoming Fog.

"Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!"

—Skipper Ireson's Ride, Whittier.

A village slander it was in the beginning. Almost at the threshold of home, after weeks of buffeting at sea, a handful of men and boys—the crew of a little vessel—in the face of a tempest made a hasty error of judgment. As its full significance dawned upon them, they foresaw with rising fear the wrath of the Marblehead folk, certain to follow when the nature of their action became known. Groping for a defense, they adopted an excuse as old as the human race and fell into another mistake, forgetting that two wrongs never made a right. They sought to save themselves

"Old Flood Oirson, fur his horrd hort,
Was torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt,
Old Flood Oirson, fur his bad behavior,
Was torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd into—Salem,
Old Flood Oirson, fur leavin' a wrack,
Was torr'd an' futherr'd all over his back."

Thus it ran and, from this slight thread, the poet spun "Skipper Ireson's Ride." The ancient jingle had conjured up a dramatic incident. It furnished a text to Whittier, the craftsman. Beneath the magic spell of his genius it expanded and took on poetic form and ornament. Broadcast by the printing press, it became more nearly everlasting than had it been hewn in the most enduring stone. Grave injustice was thereby wrought.

After the errors of fact in "Skipper Ireson's Ride" were laid before the poet,

"Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl"—
with never a word of the poet's apology. "Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead." is vividly declaimed with no thought of the stigma falsely affixed to an innocent victim, a worthy family and a brave, honorable race of men. The fisherman skippers of Marblehead deserve better than this blot on their record. Their memories should be held in high esteem, for Marblehead gave richly to our Republic in the days of its youth.

From the patriotic old town came Elbridge Gerry, signer of the Declaration of Independence, member of the convention which met in Philadelphia

to frame the Constitution of the United States and, later, Vice-President of our nation. Thence came also Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

In the Revolutionary War, General John Glover, and his amphibious regiment of Marblehead men were the staunch ferrymen of the Continental Army. In the retreat from Long Island, it was Glover's men who brought our fleeing troops with their artillery safely across to New York. Before the battle of Trenton it was the men of Marblehead, and these men alone, who stood forward at the call for volunteers to transport the army across the swift, ice-filled current of the Delaware, and Captain William Blackler, of Glover's regiment, commanded the boat in which General Washington crossed. Such was the breed of men from whom sprung the hardy skippers who for generations drew their substance from the sea. Heroic rescues from watery graves were no uncommon deeds in the lives of these men.

Among the Marblehead skippers was Benjamin Ireson, known throughout the town as "Flood" Ireson. His real name was not Floyd, as Whittier assumed. "Flood" was not a corruption but of those nicknames that were the rule rather than the exception in the old fishing days. On a Sunday, late in October, 1808, the schooner "Betsey," Benjamin Ireson, Skipper, let fall her anchor in the harbor of Marblehead. As the seven or eight men and boys who composed her crew lurched up the wharf and through the narrow, rocky lanes they had a gloomy tale to tell. Scarcely two days before, at midnight on Friday, they had spoken a foundering schooner about nine miles from the highland of Cape Cod. She turned out to be the "Active," Captain Gibbons in command, bound for Boston from Portland, Maine. To their amazement, so the "Betsey's" crew averred, Skipper Ireson, in full possession of the facts as to the sinking condition of the "Active," had deliberately sailed on for home, refusing to render the unfortunate schooner any assistance. The act was an astounding one, so foreign to the history and traditions of the sea-faring men of Marblehead that the indignation of the townsfolk knew no bounds. A call for volunteers followed promptly. Manning two vessels, they hastened to the scene of the disaster as fast as sails could carry them, but no trace of the doomed schooner was to be found and they were forced to return, their mission unaccomplished.

The excitement and resentment was, however, destined to reach a still higher pitch. On the day following the re-

turn of the volunteer crews, there arrived, in the harbor of Marblehead, the sloop "Polly," with Captain Gibbons, of the ill-fated "Active" on board. Fully corroborating what the "Betsey's" crew had related as to his abandonment by that vessel, he told how his schooner had been discovered from the Cape on the following morning and Captain Hardy, of Truro, with five men in a whaleboat, had come to his aid. The plan was to take off as many as the boat would hold and return for the rest. Captain Gibbons was carrying three men as passengers from Portland to Boston and with them he boarded the whale-boat. The wind was blowing a strong gale from the southwest and they were unable to reach the shore till nightfall; this prevented the boat from putting off again that day to the schooner and nothing could be done for the crew of four men remaining on the wreck but leave them to their fate.

Captain Gibbons indignantly characterized the treatment he had received at the hands of the "Betsey" as "contrary to the principles of humanity." His story fanned the flame of indignation into an outburst of vengeance wreaked on the person of Skipper Ireson. A throng of men and boys seized and bound him. Bringing tar from the shipyards and featherbeds from their homes, they bedaubed him from head to foot. Enveloped in the sticky mass he was thrown into an old dory and, by a crowd of his captors each striving to grasp the rope, he was dragged to the border of the town. They intended, it seems, to continue the parade through Salem to Beverly, where some of Ireson's family lived, but upon reaching the Salem line, they were met by a group of the staid citizens of that town who compelled them to turn about. In the midst of the pulling and hauling, the bottom of the old dory fell out and a cart was requisitioned in which the Skipper, with the remains of the boat, was placed to complete the strange journey. At this stage there appeared upon the scene some of the more sober and substantial citizens of Marblehead and indignantly they compelled the mob to carry the poor man back to his home. It is not lacking in significance that Skipper Ireson endured his punishment without uttering a sound until he was released before the door of his humble dwelling. Then, and only then, did he speak. His words were few: "I thank you for my ride, gentlemen, but you will live to regret it."

And so they did. From the first, the feeling of the better people of the town was on the side of Ireson, who was a respected citizen. Gradually the truth filtered out, a bit here and a bit there.

What actually occurred, when the "Betsey" abandoned the "Active" was told, years afterwards, by a man who had been cabin boy aboard Ireson's schooner when the unfortunate event took place. This boy had been terrorized into silence by the crew and only dared to divulge the facts after he was grown to manhood. Realizing that it was impossible to give assistance to the water-logged "Active" in the darkness and with the heavy sea that was running, Skipper Ireson went below to get a bit of sleep but, before doing so, he instructed the watch to stay by the wreck till "dorning." When he awoke he found, to his astonishment, that his instructions had been disobeyed and the "Betsey" was well on her way toward Marblehead.

In order that Benjamin Ireson's exoneration should be complete in the mind of the reader it is essential to cast a side light upon some of the circumstances surrounding this unhappy event. The query naturally arises why did not Ireson, the captain, as soon as he discovered the act of disobedience that had been performed, immediately return to the work of rescue? It must be remembered that neither Benjamin Ireson nor any other skipper of his time was a commander in the sense in which we understand that term today. Life aboard a fishing schooner was pretty much of a democracy. The crew were not hired men; they were partners in a joint enterprise. The meager profits of a voyage were parcelled out in shares. The New England town-meeting plan of reaching a decision was bred in their bone. Policies were adopted only after general debate and then they were the "sense of the meetin'." The decision of the watch to steer for home and their support in this action by the majority of the crew was not an uprising against the authority of the commanding officer but the everyday, normal method of determining what should be done. They committed an error of judgment for which no extenuating circumstances are to be found. Tradition tells us that a number of the "Betsey's" crew were not native of the town. This is not difficult to believe, for never before had Marblehead men proved craven in the face of danger and these men yielded frailly to the temptation of the moment instead of standing by their fellow-seamen in distress like true Marbleheaders. By their cowardly action they brought lasting disgrace upon themselves and shame to the port whence they hailed. The incident is conspicuous for it has no parallel in the annals of Marblehead. It is for this reason that the imputations of the ballad have been

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MAGNOLIA—UNDERWORLD BANDITS

SCIENTISTS tell us that mankind has most to fear in the inexorable struggle for existence from the ant and the rat. As changing conditions caused the extinction of the mammoths, which once dominated the earth aeons ago, so may the subjugation of the human beings come from these diminutive rodents.

The latest manifestation of this conflict comes from the John Hays Hammond Jr. house at Norman's Woe Cove. There hordes of white termites issuing from their subterranean burrows have descended upon and overrun the house making an onslaught on the rare and ancient wood work, panelling, etc., collected from abroad. They make short work of this choice fodder and work irreparable damage.

Mr. Hammond took prompt measures to exterminate the invaders. He appealed to the state entomologist at Boston and other sources for assistance and all known methods in combating these invaders have been employed it is hoped with success.

Meanwhile during the war between these two opposing forces the museum temporarily closed to the public has been reopened.

The rat, it is stated, was not known on the American continent until the coming of the white man who brought him over as a stowaway on their ships. Similarly it is said that these termites are undesirable aliens—like the gypsy moths—which have somehow succeeded in muscling into the country. Some years ago a cloud of winged ants descended on the Joe Moore house at Lobster Cove in Annisquam and totally undermined the house by attacking and eating the sills, which had to be replaced. It appears that these ants esteem old wood work—the house is some 175 years old—as a food luxury. The social setup of ants has always attracted the attention of scientific observers. Every individual—the ants are divided into castes—has his appointed place in the scheme of things—a remarkable instance of insect discipline and planning.

MAGNOLIA AND THE COUNTYSIDE

MAGNOLIA BEACH CLUB

WATER sports are in full swing at the Magnolia Beach Club. Every Monday the children have their especial day at the beach and this year the Club has organized a swimming team to defend its aquatic honor. The members are as follows: Seniors, girls: Dorothy Backus, Merrill Bunce, Renee Schanck; Boys: Lawrence Jones, Weld Richardson, Charles Backus. Intermediates, girls: Pat Trenor, Virginia Backus, Mary Ann Wyman, Elizabeth Wadsworth, Nancy Clancy; Boys: Charles Wadsworth, Kim Zinsser, John Zinsser, Teddy Bullard, Joshua Clark, Philip Cashman, Pat Clancy, Dick Clark. Midgets: Tommy Zinsser, Pam Trenor.

Mrs. Otis Weld Richardson gave a luncheon at the Club on July 16. Her guests were Mrs. Samuel Stevens and her sister-in-law and Miss Polly Richardson.

Mrs. Benjamin Cole of Andover is giving tennis lessons on the Club courts. A tennis tournament is scheduled to start August first.

Among the recent guests at the Beach Club were Albert Nash and Walter Holbrook of New York, C. E. Inches Jr., of Wenham, Horace Mends and Hans Laroche of Berne, Switzerland.

The Paul Shaws formerly of Bass Rocks have taken lease of the Barry cottage, Shore rd., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Mahoney of Boston have purchased a cottage in Englewood rd., for summer occupancy, the sale being made through the Johnathan May agency.

Mrs. Luther E. Smith of St. Louis, has arrived at the Kennard cottage on Fuller st. She is the daughter of the late Samuel Kennard.

The J. Harrington Walker house in the Shore rd. is occupied this season by Mrs. Wirt Dexter of Boston and Mrs. Harold McCormack of Chicago.

Arrivals at North Shore Inn: Mrs. Lewis Day, Swampscott; Katherine Duffy, Amelia Sylvester, Margaret Sylvester, Charles Sylvester, Dorchester.

Among the recent guests at Hesperus Villa were Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd A. Brayton, Providence; Margaret Ennis, Jane Ennis, Carl Carlson, Waterbury; Gladys Stillman, Helen McKernan, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McKernan, Plainville; Frances B. Hawley, New York.

Arrivals at Perkins Inn: Paul Nichols, Alice P. George, Boston; Mary D. Sullivan, Waltham; Frances N. Christie, Rye, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cory, Sewickley, Pa.; Paul Gemmeke, Washington.

Among the guests at the Brown Studio are Mr. and Mrs. Beck of Cambridge, Mass., and Mr. A. E. Wine of Manchester, England.

EASTERN POINT

THE NATIONAL ENSIGN floats once more over The Ramparts at Eastern Point, its mistress, Mrs. S. E. Raymond with her daughter Julia, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Williams and Mrs. F. E. Williamson, the latter of New York, the former of Cleveland, having arrived for the season this week. The place was closed last season. The Ramparts, erected on the site of Fort Independence thrown up during the Civil War, was built by the late Henry C. Rouse, a southwestern railway magnate, as a summer home, and is one of the landmarks of the North Shore.

Mrs. John Greenough of New York, widow of the late Commodore John Greenough, also opened her house "Tanglewood" near the tip of the Point, this week, for occupancy into the Fall.

Clifford Seasongood and family of New York City are this year's occupants of the Grover house.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Schmidt of Boston have taken the Taggart house for the season.

Dr. Randall McIver and family of New York City have returned to their Eastern Point summer residence for the summer.

Isaac H. Jeanes and family of Chestnut Hill, Penn., are again in occupancy of the Clay cottage at Eastern Point.

Charles Rome and family have the Smith bungalow, St. Louis ave.

John Clay and family of Chicago are at their cottage, Fort Hill rd., for a stay into September.

Dr. and Mrs. C. Chittenden Hill of Marlboro st., Boston, have returned to their summer house, Eastern Point boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Hall of Boston opened "Stoneacre" in June and plan for a stay late into the season.

Mrs. Margaret Brady Farrell arrived in June at her Eastern Point summer home, "Felsenmeer."

Mrs. Jacob Leander Loose of Kansas City and Washington has opened "Sea Rocks," her picturesque summer home at Eastern Point. She recently entertained Gen. Horton of Washington.

Mr. Arthur G. Leonard and family of Chicago are again at "Druimteac" near the tip end of the Point.

Miss Myra R. Tutt of New York City has come to her Eastern Point cottage.

The George Evans Teners of Sewickley, Penna., are among the season's arrivals. They are established at Ardarraby-the-Sea, until well into the autumn.

Mrs. James H. Knowles of Philadelphia opened "Lowestoft" for the season early in June.

THE ROCKPORT SHORE

Wednesday the Rockport Woman's Club will sponsor a fashion show at Bearskin Neck for the benefit of its scholarship fund.

The patronesses are: Mrs. Henry A. Frost, President; Mrs. Charles H. Cleaves, Mrs. Frederic Jouett, Mrs. Allen Chamberlain, Mrs. Harold N. Baker, Mrs. Frederick Morrill, Mrs. Isaac S. Hall, Mrs. Edward M. Randall, Miss Margaret Browne, Mrs. Sumner York Wheeler and Mrs. Elihu Clarke.

Some of the models are: Mrs. John M. Buckley, Mrs. Russell Hale, Mrs. Leslie Stevens, Mrs. Roger Martin, Mrs. George Le Boultillier and Miss Cynthia Baker.

Arrivals at Turk's Head Inn: Mrs. E. W. Ronneau, New York; Frances Oviatt, Grace Oviatt, Kathleen Willard, Mrs. C. M. Lines, Cleveland; Miss J. M. Naismith, Kathleen Kennedy, Montreal.

Arrivals at the Manning House: Celia Givner, Sally Givner, Ann Cohen, Bess Cohen, Celia First, Mary Lincoln Orr, Boston; Mrs. L. B. Pierce, Walpole, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. William A. Fitzgerald, Paul Fitzgerald, Great Neck, L. I.

Arrivals at Straitsmouth Inn: Clara Cottle, Louise Cottle, Boston; Anna Waite, Mary A. Smith, Mrs. G. A. Smith, Worcester; Mabel Kenrick, Jean Kenrick, Newton; Amy R. Merriam, Hartford; Florence Swan, Portland, Me.; A. G. McGregor, Detroit; Florence Fitch, Oberlin, Ohio; Mrs. Alonzo Gaitley, Honolulu.

Arrivals at Hotel Edward: Doris Greenwood, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nitch, North Adams; H. H. Long, New York; Judge and Mrs. A. J. Rodenbeck, Ontario, N. Y.; Mrs. James B. Lackey, Mrs. Wade Morehouse, Yonkers; Mr. and Mrs. Irving S. Dekayne, Camden; J. E. Williams, Philadelphia.

Arrivals at Pancoast Manor, Pigeon Cove, Mary L. Hastings, Alice I. Hastings, Worcester; Miss C. Hopper, Glen Rock, N. J.; Miss A. S. Demarest, Westwood, N. J.

Arrivals at the Ocean View, Pigeon Cove: Miss K. B. Sturgis and maid, Gloucester; Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Roller, Naugatuck, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ray, L. Banaghan, M. Banaghan, E. Hannigan, G. Hannigan, Worcester; Miss Harriet G. King, New York; Misses Spring, Harold, P. and Edwin D. Gurney, Gertrude McMorris, Brookline; Dr. Marnetta E. Vogt, Phila.; Mrs. H. Wimmer, Miss Ann Wimmer, Germantown, Pa.; Lena Cushing, Danvers; Marion B. Cushman, Marlboro; Anna E., Dorothea E., and George E. Colman, Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Beedle, Charles and Wm. Beedle, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bowman, Toronto; Louise D. Dennis, Harriet I. Wilkins, Lena G. Fitzhugh, Evelyn F. Hathaway, Salem; Mrs. H. A. Nelson, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Garfield, North Adams, Mass.; P. E. Williams, Olive, M. Niles, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gifford, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. M. Berkman, Mrs. H. M. Andrews, Miss E. M. Prickett, Hartford; M. C. Flemming, Miss H. Flemming, Mrs. M. C. Flemming, Buffalo; Carrie P. Smith, Waltham; Miss L. G. Dillaway, Florence E. McIntosh, Mrs. H. D. Winton, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Winton, Wellesley Hills; Alice M. Owen, Hyde Park; Mrs. D. H. Cave, Miss Doris Eastman, Montpelier.

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LONG BEACH

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hale of Gloucester, who have come to Long Beach for many seasons, are again at their cottage. With them, as usual, is their daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Morss of Medford, and children, the Misses Virginia and Marjorie Morss.

At the Hartsville are Mr. and Mrs. Angus D. Martin of Quincy, their daughters, Ruth and Marjorie, and son Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold P. Johnson and daughter, Miriam, are at the Sandpiper. Their son Edward is not at the Beach this year, having gone to a summer camp. They are from Woburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Harrison of Gloucester are spending the summer at the Whip-poor-will. They are of the early cottage colony.

At the Johnson cottage are Mr. and Mrs. John A. Johnson and daughters, Barbara, Elizabeth and Emily, all of Gloucester.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Flynn of Malden and children, Maurice, Jackie, Joseph and Eleanor, are again at the Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Prior of Auburn have let their cottage this year to Mr and Mrs. Carl C. Davis of Newtonville. With the Davises are their sons, Carl, Jr. and Arnold B. Davis.

ANNISQUAM

POOL seems to have taken the younger members of the Annisquam Yacht Club by storm, for at present it rivals the tennis courts and even the sail boats. Why, nobody knows. Right now the Mesdames Redman Clark, Philip Cole and Henry Worcester are busy planning a dinner for the youngsters, to take place on Saturday evening before the dance, when they will be allowed the floor from 8:30 to 10; after that, it will be their elders' turn.

Adolf Hoehling of East Gloucester entertained a party of 14 at dinner last Saturday night, at the clubhouse; dancing followed. The Sunday night suppers are still holding their own, and next Sunday there's going to be a scavenger hunt.

A series of races for juniors under 15 started Wednesday, competing for a cup offered by Mrs. John Mechem. They will continue weekly through July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Manley Ives and Miss Charlotte Ives of Winchester and Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Whittemore of Weston are at Norwood Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Jelleff of Washington, D. C., are also enjoying the summer months at Norwood Heights.

At the Muzzey cottage are Mr. and Mrs. Arne E. Larson of Yonkers and Dr. David S. Muzzey.

Mrs. Adolph Leeds of Brookline and her daughters are at their summer home, the Little Gray cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Timerman of St. Louis and daughters, Nancy and Betty, motored to Annisquam, arriving last Saturday for a week's visit.

Arrivals at the Brynmere: Ida M. Pottinger, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Doane, Boston; Ruth M. Allen, Buffalo; Barbara Allen Cole, Troy; Margaret E. Brown, Mary M. Brown, Detroit; Mrs. George D. Little, Pauline Little, Margaret Little, Montreal.

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From July 1 to Sept. 1



EAST GLOUCESTER

THE GLOUCESTER SOCIETY of Artists will furnish the outdoor diversion for a street carnival this season and the locus instead of being at Rocky Neck will be in the vicinity of the Society's headquarters near Hawthorne lane and the entrance to the Gate Lodge. Plans are yet in embryo but the committee has several new and novel features in view. Particulars later. A project of outstanding merit and novelty, perhaps the first in this country, has been evolved by Oscar Anderson, Gordon Grant, Raymond Carter and others of the marine contingent, to establish a marine museum at Smith's Cove where are to be moored square riggers, and types of Gloucester fishing craft from the earliest period. Mr. Grant has been promised a square rigger now hauled up at a down east port. Truly an outstanding and novel project.

Arrivals at the Rockaway: Alice Donnelly, Elizabeth Donnelly, Boston; Anna M. Schwind, Mary T. Tenney, Mrs. J. de Vere Simmons, Anna Muldoon, Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hinckley, Mrs. L. W. Woolston, Newton Centre; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Holway, Arlington; Mrs. Mary J. Worth, Helen J. Worth, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Park, Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ireland, Marjorie Green, Mrs. F. H. Sargent, Mrs. Paul L. Cody, Gardner; Theresa C. Mulloy, Brighton; Mrs. W. M. Storrs, Mrs. A. P. Young, Mrs. N. P. Godfrey, Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Towne, Stafford Springs; Marion B. Phelps, Nashua, N. H.; Betsy Bates Frear, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. Stewart, Yonkers; Mr. and Mrs. Creighton A. Andrews, Olean; Mrs. Eva E. Bloomingdale, Mrs. Carrie V. Ries, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Skinner, Poughkeepsie; Mrs. A. L. Stout, Edward J. Coyle, Germantown; Mrs. F. T. Jones, Wayne; Elvira Sommer, Mrs. John Sommer, Blanche D. White, Florence B. Pochner, Phila.; Mrs. W. B. ver Steeg, Mrs. G. C. Tandy, Phyllis Ann Tandy, Mrs. C. W. Blow, Thomas R. Blow, St. Louis; Frances E. Walker, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Barthing, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shortall, Georgia H. Leuthstrom, Chicago; Jean Hart, Mrs. F. H. Martin, Josephine Selden, Sally Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Selden, Detroit.

Winners at the bridge party which was given Tuesday night at the Hotel Rockaway were Mrs. Hillman of East Orange, Mrs. Kennedy of Washington and Mrs. Sayre of Gardner. Many tables were in play.

The Gloucester Women's College Club held a

dinner at the Rockaway last week to celebrate their monthly meeting. After the dinner the members invited the hotel guests to attend a dance recital on the lawn by Lilius MacLane. The music for the recital included "Air and Slave's Dance," Gluck; "Minuet in D," Burmeister; "Widdecombe Fair," Harrison; "Come, Sweet Death," Bach, and "Wiegenlied," by Brahms.

Arrivals at Merrill Hall: Mrs. George W. Benedict, Boston; Mrs. Edith B. Farnsworth, Raymond B. Farnsworth, Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Monshay, Rockland, Mass.; A. M. Rowley, D. S. Rowley, Springfield; Mrs. Charles L. Alvard, William C. French, Winsted; Alan J. Stark, Ridgewood, N. J.; Frank L. Shade, New York; Catherine Hawks, Scarsdale; Alma Bortz, Phila.; Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Sherrod, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cross, Bangor; Mrs. J. M. Smethells, Detroit; Mrs. C. S. Magowan, Florence and Jeanette Magowan, Oak Park, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Reed, Los Angeles; Mrs. W. B. Ridgely, Mrs. Adeline D. Moses, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Perry, Ontario; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hurd, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. MacFarlane, St. Louis.

Arrivals at Hawthorne Inn: Charles E. Rand, Boston; Mary M. Coes, Mrs. John H. Coes, Dorothy Stewart, Worcester; Frederick E. Fletcher, Brookline; Herman Borchardt, Wellesley Hills; Ann D. Flynn, Beverly; Mrs. L. F. Sherman, Lowell; Mrs. Clarkson A. Collins, Mrs. Charles P. Sessions, Providence; Dr. and Mrs. Molumphy, Hartford; Irma Kuhne, Alice Annan, Mrs. A. L. Longley, Albert J. May, Eva Rue Le Tourneau, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Huggins, New York; M. Lilian Allen, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McCarthy, Utica; Mrs. St. John Butler, Mrs. Appleton Lane, East Orange; Louise Carpenter, Montclair; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hubbell, Chicago; Mrs. Walter B. Richards, Kansas City; Bertha Benson, Mrs. Robert Perry Cummins, Miss Thorpe, Phila.; Stephen G. Vickery, Baltimore; Mrs. A. S. Carpenter, Washington; Prof. and Mrs. A. P. Carmen, Christine Simmons, Urbana; Mrs. A. F. Hopper, Toronto; Mrs. Joseph Dubrulle, Miss H. L. Dubrulle, Prescott, Ont.; S. M. Smith, Montreal.

Arrivals at the Delphine: William A. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Schmidt, W. H. Schmidt, Mrs. Robert Minot, Boston; Gladys A. Wallev, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wallev, West Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Turner Marsh, Marion L. Vanderburch, Springfield; Rachel Johnson, Belmont; Mr. and Mrs. Dean Kalbfleisch, New York; Dorothy M. Vanderburch, Mechanicville, N. Y.; Mrs. John Sorensen, Helen M. Gann, N. Y.; Mrs. Charles D. Fowler, Mrs. Thomas L. Casey, Washington; Mrs. W. B. Templeton, Hinsdale, Ill.

Arrivals at Cove Villa: Edith Anderberg, Nancy Potter, Beverly; Ruth C. Lindwall, New Haven; Elizabeth Gutowski, Mabel Hurburt, Farmington; Rebecca Mahler, N. Y.

BASS ROCKS

Mrs. Frederick A. Singleton of Brookline has come to the Singleton cottage, Atlantic road.

Raymond L. Royce and family of Brookline are again at "Highcliffe Lodge" for a season's stay.

Former cottagers returning are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Safford of Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Fuller of Worcester were among the July arrivals their house being "Krossanes," Bass Rocks road.

Philip Duprey and family are a Worcester family who have made Bass Rocks their summer home for some years. Their home is in Atlantic road.

John L. Nangle and family of Brookline who were in the Sherrill cottage last season have the Cooper cottage, corner Atlantic road.

Sears B. Condit and family of Chestnut street, Boston are among the regular Bass Rocks cottagers returning to their cottage, "On-a-Ledge," Page street.

Francis A. Brewer and family of Brookline, have their summer home, corner Briar and Souther roads.

Henry D. Schmidt and family of Chestnut Hill who for several seasons have had the Conant cottage, are this season established in the Broughton cottage, Way road.

Mrs. John F. Nash of Syracuse who has returned to her Bass Rocks cottage for the season.

The William H. Taylors of the Bronx are occupying their cottage, corner Briar and Souther roads.

Mrs. Robert Wigton of Philadelphia has "Brightside" cottage, Beach rd., which she occupied last season.

Arrivals at the Moorland: Agnes U. Scannell, Brighton; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Norris, Betsey Norris, Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. George S. Farrow, Alveretta G. Wemyss, Mrs. Maurice F. Reidy, Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hale, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burnham, Wilton, Conn.; Mrs. Clarkson A. Collins, Providence; F. C. B. Held, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Donovan, Toledo; Louise Adams Mann, Lena Picker, Baltimore; Dr. and Mrs. Bonardelli and three children, of the Italian Embassy, Washington; Judge and Mrs. G. H. Semple, Montreal.



MILADY GOES SHOPPING

Gloucester, Mass.

Dear Daphne:

I am writing this in the drawing room which is very cold because Aunt Gussie says it isn't and won't have a fire lit in the fireplace. Frigid as it is, it's a little better than any other room in the house, so here I stay. Aunt Gussie is embroidering, Chumley-Folkestone is wandering (alone) in the rose garden, Mervyn has gone to bed, and I, as you know, am wooing the Muse.

As to C-F and the rose garden, it's no fault of Auntie G's he's out there alone! About half an hour ago the three of us were in here carrying on a vapid conversation from between chattering teeth, when the Relative remarked coyly: "Perhaps Mr. Chumley-Folkestone would like to see the rose garden, Anne." To which he replied, "Thank you, I would," and dashed off through the French doors before I had a chance to get out of my chair. So much for her match making!

I wish to heaven she'd cease inviting him over to the house. Every time he comes he has some complaint to make about the lodge or some new demand for its furnishing. Yesterday afternoon he was over to tea and talked a blue streak about what he had had to put up with at his abode, how far it fell short of his expectations, what a desperate struggle he has had every night with the windows, etc., etc. The upshot of that was that I had to take a run over to town and loot L. E. Andrews.

First, there was paint: his dining

room walls depressed him, he said. To fill that need I selected Devoe Velour Finish in pure gray, a shade he seemed to favor, though I should have preferred a light buff. The beams in his living room he found distasteful because of their being a yellow oak color, so I got Devoe Weathered Oak stain to put that right.

For the stove pipe that really did need blackening, the clerk recommended Sapolin and with 100 feet of sash cord for the windows on top of that, it made quite a bundle. Banner puffed a little in protest as he carried it out to the car, I thought. Looking at my list I saw that that was not all; indeed, it was only half. No one had thought to supply the lodge with a set of cocktail trays in various colors, and these, it seems, were indispensable. A taste for thin bread-and-butter picked up presumably in Singapore required a bread slicer for its preparation; fortunately L. E. Andrews could provide one. The last item was a croquet set (I am *not* going to play croquet with him!) and when Banner staggered out with it I decided it was high time to travel on.

The next port-of-call was W. G. Brown's yarn department, whence I had been dispatched with a sweater Aunt Gussie is knitting, to find out why the stitch looked so funny. I tried to tell her it was because she didn't know the difference between knitting and purling, but she wouldn't believe me, so I had to take it in to the instructors at Brown's and let them straighten her out.

That was really all I meant to do in Brown's, because I had errands elsewhere, and was in a hurry, but of course I got sidetracked when I saw the lovely knitted models they had displayed and before I knew it I had bought the yarn for a dress. It's a lovely shade of rose, not dark, but deep and I'm going to make it like a dress I saw there that had a smart cord and tassel lacing up the front.

The instructors take your measurements at Brown's, you see, and tell you how many stitches to cast on and everything, so you start out on the right foot, and if you fall by the wayside, you can go in and get expert assistance.

I saw a stunning coat and skirt model that would look swanky on you; it was of medium heavy yarn in a gray mix and the skirt and ascot were striped with bottle green and henna.

Then they have those Weave-its—you know what those are, don't you? those square frames you wind with wool and weave with a needle? One way forms the warp and the other the woof (lovely word, woof) so when you take it off the frame you have a neat little square of material which, when com-

bined with more ditto, can be made into a knitting bag, a pillow, or afghan. Speaking of the latter, I became so entranced with some hanks of heavy yarn shaded from pale yellow to red-orange that I bought enough to make me an afghan—a thing I have often declared I should never do. I have no use for an afghan, particularly, and shall probably shove it off on the next church fair, but I am going to make one.

Oh, and then I saw something new in the way of kerchiefs; a package come with the directions, and wool or cotton (as you prefer) enough to make a crocheted kerchief. I don't know what the stitch was because I'm not up in crochet, but it was very lacy and pretty. The Bucilla people have brought out a large frame on which to make waffle weave luncheon sets, which are both smart looking and fascinating to do. I bought one for myself, but Aunt Gussie liked it so much she said she'd make the set for me and she won't let me work on it at all because she doesn't think I should do it neatly enough!

You like to crochet, don't you? Would you like me to send you the materials for a luncheon set of Russian design—directions and everything? I think one of those I saw would be gorgeous in your cottage; the background was off-white and the pattern a row of bright red flowers with bright green leaves growing out of bright blue pots, and fringed with the same colors. It comes packaged and isn't very expensive.

If it gets much colder in this room my pen will freeze to my fingers. I am contemplating lighting a cigarette and nonchalantly dropping the match (lighted) into the fireplace, for there is a fire laid in it ready to be touched off. I'm weighing the chances of her catching me at it and making a towse. I know she'd quote every extravagance of my past life and call up dreadful visions of future penury.

Oops! here comes Chumley-Folkestone back from the rose garden! I hope to heaven Aunt Gussie doesn't try any more match making tonight; only an esquimau could feel amorous this evening, and even if it were a tropic night, I couldn't work up any enthusiasm for Chumley-F. A more conceited, obnoxious creature I never knew.

He (C-F) invited us down to the lodge for lunch day before yesterday and of course Aunt saw to it that I went although I tried to get out of it. The lunch, however, was excellent, including the mushroom soup which he tried to pass off as "something my man concocted for the occasion" forgetting, evidently, that I stood right beside him in the First National Market when he bought 3 cans of it.



STRAND THEATRE

CONTINUOUS FROM 1:30 TO 10:45 P. M.

Friday to Monday
July 19 - 22nd
H. RIDER HAGGARD'S
"S H E"
with an all star cast
— co feature —
world's greatest Tenor
JAN KIEPURA
in
"MY SONG FOR YOU"
added attraction:
"GOLDEN TOUCH"
a silly symphony

Tuesday to Thursday
July 23rd - 25th
Clive Brook and Madeline Carroll
in
"LOVES OF A DICTATOR"
— co feature —
MONA BARRIE in
"THE MYSTERY WOMAN"
added attraction
"COCOANUT GROVE"
a technicolor musical revue

When the fish was brought on (Gorton's deep sea roe) the Aunt began kicking me under the table and looking toward a large perforated box at the further end of the room. At first I thought she was having an attack of some sort, but all of a sudden it dawned on me she wanted me to say something nice about the Singapore air cooler that C-F brought with him. You remember I told you about it last week? a chest that was filled with ice and blown upon by an electric fan?

"How nice that er-er-that *thing* makes the air feel," I said

"That," he replied, doing what is known as "drawing himself up," "that *thing* as you call it, and I should hardly expect *you* to know what it is, is a sort of glorified punkah."

"Punker than what?" I said, having no low pun-resistance, and received a really painful kick from Aunt Gussie.

After that he addressed himself entirely to her, explaining how every morning the Cape Pond iceman brought three one hundred pound cakes and filled the box and how every night his man siphoned the water off.

"Wonderful!" cried Aunt Gussie and gave me a look which meant "You say

the same." This, however, I could not bring myself to do.

Then, the conversation drifted to Hornblower and Weeks and the progress and decline of investments, all of which was way over my head. Auntie G remarked on this occasion (as on many others) that "high finance is absolutely incomprehensible to Ann—the poor child has all she can do to make out a deposit slip at the Cape Ann National!" an observation which she always follows by the most irritating titter. If she ever knew about the loan I managed at the Gloucester National last year she would be thunderstruck.

Did I tell you that Chumley-Folkestone has bought a yacht? I don't think I did—but how could I have forgotten it! It came three days ago and is a

beauty. He told me what make it is, but I don't remember now; anyway, it's a sail yacht with auxiliary motor and has what seemed to me to be an enormous cabin. The morning it arrived he and Aunt Gussie and I went to Blanchard's to select some decorations for it. The first thing we saw was a blue glass mirror with two tall graceful chromium yachts skimming across it; of course, that would be the very thing for table decoration when he gives dinner parties on board. Really, I wish you could see it; I can't describe it very well because it's one of those things that depend so much on lines and the play of light and shade. Funny thing, though, he took out his billfold, fished around in it a bit, then turned to Aunt Gussie and said, "I wonder, Mrs. Henshaw, if you would be so kind as to accommodate me for a few days? I am expecting a check any time from my lawyers, but I find myself temporarily embarrassed."

Naturally she let him have what he wanted (\$17 for the ships and some more for other things) but don't you think it was queer he shouldn't have any money with him at all? Come to think of it, Banner said something about letting him have a five spot the other day.

Anyway, to get back to the ships: there was another set that had three boats, smaller than the set he bought, and silver plated, that sold for \$5. That was stunning too. Then there were ship bookends of much the same design as the yachts, in brass or silver plate. C-F bought a pair of those and a sea-going ash-tray shaped like a ship's wheel, all for the yacht, you know, which, by the way, he calls the "Maid of Kent."

Aunt Gussie kept up a steady stream of flattery on the taste and judgment he showed in his selection and with a glance of terrific coquetry, said that she hoped some day to get a teeny-weeny ride on his lovely boat! To which he replied with a bow that was meant to be continental, "My dear Mrs. Henshaw, but certainly you and your charming niece (me!) shall be the first to cruise on the "Maid of Kent!"

On the strength of that I bought a very nautical compact of blue and white enamel (a particularly nice shade of blue) with a ship motif thereon, a cigarette and comb case to match, two pins with boats on them, one red, t'other blue, and a string of pearls with the most glorious lustre!

Our next port was the Gloucester Electric and Gas office, to get an electric roaster for the yacht. Have you seen the new Everhot model? I never knew that they existed before, but do

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The Leonard Club, Inc., and
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—SILENT AUTOMATIC OIL BURNERS—**PROCESSING**

(Continued from page 4)

you know, they're the very thing for anyone who has to cook in a limited space! Now this one for instance, was shaped like any large roaster, but inside there were three moveable compartments so that you could cook a whole dinner at one fell swoop.

Now, about stoves: if anyone had told Aunt Gussie she would walk into the Gas and Electric office and buy a stove with no intention of doing so, she would have frozen him on the spot. But that's exactly what she did! The newest Magic Chef stove is just about the last word in kitchen equipment—or if it isn't I don't know where we're going I'm sure. It has two burners each side of a central space, and under the burners are utility drawers. The central space is made to work on and is heavily insulated from the capacious oven and broiler directly below. Everything that lights does so automatically, you don't even have the effort of pushing the pilot! Everything that pulls out runs on roller bearings, and the whole thing can be taken apart and washed. It comes in cream or pure white enamel, has a light to illuminate it, a clock arrangement that calls you when what you're cooking is done and covers to fold down over the open burners, when they're not in use. It arrived yesterday afternoon, and I spent nearly the whole evening in the kitchen just looking at it! If it isn't warmer tomorrow, I shall crawl into the broiler and stay there!

C-F's going now, and Aunt Gussie is asking me to walk down the drive to the lodge with him! He's the first man I ever had to see home!

Affectionately,

C. ANNE SHORE.

transportation alone being a handicap. It was bound to come in the natural order of westward and southern growth of population—largely engineered by New Englanders moving west and south. A shoemaker from Jugoslavica came to Lynn, learned the art of making women's fine shoes. Buying shoe machinery of the Beverly concern he returned to his native country and manufactured a product equal if not superior to the local turnout, shipped them to this country selling at half the cost of the local product and made money. The Bata episode attracted nation-wide attention.

Now this all happened before the Processing tax or sale tax was thought of. The fact is that the New England shoe and textile business has been on the run for the past fifteen years. It is said that 115 cotton and shoe mills have gone out of business during the past decade. Whose fault? Natural causes entailing shifts in manufacturing centers aided and abetted most effectively by unreasonable labor demands. And this process of attrition is going on how much the next national census will show. The removal of a processing tax will have no appreciable effect to stem the tide.

THE DORSEY FATHOMETER

(Continued from page 4)

upon the occasion of the recent demonstration of the satisfactory performance of the Fathometer which you have developed in the laboratories of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey during the past two years.

This Fathometer is in every respect a precision instrument and will enable the Coast and Geodetic Survey to maintain its traditionally high standards of accuracy in the charting of shoal depths, which is most essential to safety at sea and yet has been difficult of attainment. The shoal water Fathometer has thus increased the efficiency of the Bureau in that the quantity of the work can be doubled with a marked increase in the quality.

It is with pleasure that I congratulate you on the successful demonstration of this development, and as a slight token of the appreciation of the Bureau, hereby direct that the instrument shall be designated as the Dorsey Fathometer, United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

R. S. PATTON,
Director.

The many friends of Dr. Dorsey and family along the North Shore will note with interest the doctor's prominence in the scientific world. The junior of the family was among the graduates of Harvard last year and is headed along his father's particular field of activity.

STAGE COACH INN

"Then it's Ho! for the Inn, for we're all feeling hungry,

The stage coach has rumbled o'er cobbles and moss,

And we all want to eat and to drink and be merry,

So we'll take the time out, and we'll count it no loss!"

Among the recent guests at Stage Coach Inn were Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Roma Phillips, Henry Tolman, Salem; Mrs. Edward F. Boyd, Eleanor Boyd, Winchester; Mrs. Warren Wiley, Wakefield; Margaret Gillman, Evelyn Gillman, Dorothy Sandler, Ida Sandler, Sophie Kerig, Hartford; Constance Taylor, West Gloucester; Mrs. Dexter Hunneman, D. R. Hunneman, Hamilton; H. H. Hale, Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Brentaro, N. Y.; Mrs. Ben E. Lindsley, Oklahoma and Washington; Ben E. Lindsley, Washington; Martha Lindsley, Oklahoma; J. P. Denysen, Pretoria, South Africa.

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YACHTING

WREN, WASSOP WIN

GLOUCESTER, July 13—In a westerly breeze, light at first but swinging back southwest and increasing, two classes of the Annisquam Yacht Club made the biggest turnouts of the season this afternoon. The course was triangular, six miles.

Kingfish was first on the beam reach to Essex and on the run to the inner mark, but on the beat fell down, keeping under the Lanesville shore, while Wassop, always runner-up, worked the middle of the bay to advantage and won.

In the Bird Class Oriole held the lead the way on the reaches but fell down on the windward work to Wren. The summary:

BIRD CLASS

Name and Owner	El Time
Wren, Robert Lufkin.....	1:39:08
Oloof, Evelyn Woodbury.....	1:40:50
Oriole, John S. Mechem.....	1:41:06
Flamingo, F. P. Woodbury.....	1:41:37
Cockatoo, Bryan Russ.....	1:44:18
Avis, Norman Olson.....	1:44:43
Canvashack, Robert Cox.....	1:44:50
Bobolink, Donald Usher.....	1:48:09

FISH CLASS

Wassop, Sam Usher.....	1:45:59
Dab, David Dennis.....	1:46:33
Sea Horse, Barbara Mechem.....	1:47:34
Sailfish, Paul Littlefield.....	1:48:08
Kingfish, Robert Cushman.....	1:48:46
Flying Fish, Albert G. Hale.....	1:49:43
Blackfish, Kirk Cornwell.....	1:50:53
Jelly Fish, William Cole.....	1:52:29
Perch, Harry Griffin.....	1:53:39
Barracuda, Jr., John Worcester.....	1:55:10
Shad, Dick Mechem.....	1:55:15
Snail, Jenn Roberts.....	1:57:30
Flounder, Endicott Osmond.....	1:59:10
Tarpon, John W. Lowe, Jr.....	1:59:57
Ronito, Hector Carveth.....	2:00:40
Shark II, Arthur Jameson.....	2:04:46
Shrimp, Bill Fawcett.....	2:05:19
Pollywog, Philip Cox.....	2:07:19

GLOUCESTER, July 13 — The third yacht race of the Saturday series was sailed today at the Eastern Point Yacht Club under a fresh southwest breeze, covering a windward-leeward course of 5½ miles.

The Class R boats were the first to leave the line on a beat out of Gloucester harbor to the marker off Magnolia. With the poorest berth

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at the start, Mrs. Frances Carter piloted her Mojala to victory.

The Bonnie Prince of James L. Stuart Jr. and Jacob D. Cox's Popinjay fought for second place around the entire course. The Bonnie Prince snatched second place from Popinjay which used a parachute spinnaker for the run home.

Injun had a long lead in the Triangle Class and won easily. Nancy Poole led the Cape Cod Knockabouts around in the inside harbor course to be a long-distance winner in the class. The summary:

CLASS R. 20-RATERS, 6 MILES
Name and Owner El Time
Mojala, Mrs. Frances Carter.....1:35:05
Bonnie Prince, James L. Stuart Jr. 1:37:13
Popinjay, Jacob D. Cox Jr.....1:37:16

TRIANGLE CLASS, 6 MILES
Injun, Hastings Gamage.....1:50:34
Cursor, William G. Brown 3d.....1:54:39
Caracalla, Fricilla Womson.....1:55:02
Triton, Jane Rosenthal.....1:56:07
Alito, Cunningham Brothers.....1:59:06
Klimer 2d, Meredith Talbot.....2:02:17
Oriole, Kate Boyce.....2:02:19
Black Bess, J. Henry Sleeper.....2:03:18
Idol, Elbridge C. Gale.....2:03:30
Sealene, Torrance Baker.....2:04:01
Flirt, Bobby Elwell.....2:04:53
Tantala, Hyde Cox.....2:06:27
Mavouneen, Gerald O'Brien.....2:07:10

INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS, 6 Miles
Midze 2d, Isaac Patch Jr.....2:01:50
Saturn, Mrs. J. S. Raymond.....2:07:48
CAPE COD KNOCKABOUTS, 6 MILES
Lucky Duck, Nancy Poole.....1:37:53
Swan, Mary L. Baker.....1:41:20
Pompano, Frederick Brace.....1:42:28
Touareg, Laurence Brown Jr.....1:44:50
Fontana, Miriam Irwin.....1:47:50
Clapper, Jack Clay 3d.....1:49:48
Mickey Mouse, Margaret Smith.....1:50:20
Maryland, Meredith Boyce.....1:51:03
Bemo, Bratenahl Brothers.....1:51:04
Old Ironsides, Joan and Ann Raymond.....1:54:09
Arethusa, Ronney Swift.....1:57:19
Popeye, Carroll Womson.....2:05:48

BOBENO CATCHES JOLO

ROCKPORT, July 13—Six classes started at Sandy Bay this afternoon in a light northwest breeze which backed to the southward holding light. The course was a triangle, the shift in the wind making all the hitches reaches. The first leg was to Andrews Point, thence to Straitsmouth and then to the finish line and repeat. The Sandy Bay class Jolo got the jump, but was soon overhauled and passed by Bobeno, which held to the finish. In all the other classes the winners were those which got the best of the start and led to the end. The summary:

SANDY BAY 15-FOOTERS
Name and Owner El Time
Bobeno, Benton C. Story.....1:51:15
Jolo, Joseph F. Lockett Jr.....1:54:30
Myrtice A. Lindler, I. Dean.....1:55:45
Mamie, John Chianciola.....T N T

TRIANGLE CLASS
Allerra, Jerry Bruno.....1:43:35
Menikoe, Tewbury Brothers.....1:44:25
Trident, Dr. Roy Wheeler.....1:45:05

18-FOOTERS
Onward II, Laura Cooney.....1:38:00
Plicker, Herbert S. Evans.....1:38:15
Lee, Dot Roberts.....1:38:40
Merri-Mara, Dr. E. McGillian.....withdrew
INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS
Sans Souci, Homer Clark.....1:39:25
Ibex, Max Kuehne.....1:40:40
Maidie III, Gifford Beal.....1:40:50
Pelipse, Guy Hale.....1:42:05
Star of India, Wendell and Hale.....1:42:40
Ara. H. Gardner Bradlee.....1:44:20
California, Currier Smith.....1:51:35

CLASS O

Sandboy, Reynolds Beal.....	1:32:25
Big Dipper, Damon Carter.....	1:36:00
Sea Maid, Edith Cooney.....	1:36:45
Hard Tack, Fred Davis.....	1:41:15
Pegasus, Hannah Brothers.....	1:41:15

PILOT CLASS

Green Horn, H. C. Tufts.....	1:19:25
Flash, Thomas Murphy Jr.....	1:24:00
Shiridee, Johnson Brothers.....	1:26:50

WREN AND DAB MAKE DOUBLE WIN AT ANNIS- QUAM SUNDAY

GLOUCESTER, July 14—Two races were sailed at Annisquam today, morning and afternoon. Wren in the Birds and Dot in the Fish class winning in both instances.

The morning race was windward and leeward to the inner mark and return in light air. Wren passed Oriole near the turn and gained a 15-second win. Dab led all the way in the fishes.

In the afternoon, a fresh southwester with a light chop provided good racing conditions and Wren walked up into the lead from fourth place by working the Essex shore. Dab trailed Wassop and Pollywog off the wind but beating home came over to the Essex side to get its second victory for the day.

ANNISQUAM YACHT CLUB

Morning Races

Postponed from July 7

Course for bird and Fish classes inner mark and return. Handicap outer mark and return. Wind south.

BIRD CLASS

Name and Owner	El Time
Wren, Robert Lufkin.....	1:11:50
Oriole, Robert S. Mechem.....	1:12:05
Oloof, Evelyn Woodbury.....	1:13:19
Flamingo, F. P. Woodbury.....	1:18:18
Cockatoo, Bryan Russ.....	1:18:39
Cuckoo, Norman Olson.....	1:23:42
Bronson, Bronson Farnam.....	1:23:18
Whistler, C. R. Swanson.....	1:24:29
Canvassack, Robert Cox.....	1:24:53
Bobolink, Donald Usher.....	Withdraw

FISH CLASS

Dab, David Dennison.....	1:25:19
Sea Horse, Barbara Mechem.....	1:27:38
Sailfish, Paul Littlefield.....	1:29:58
Flying Fish, Albert G. Hale.....	1:30:29
Blackfish, Kirk Cornwell.....	1:30:59
Kingfish, Robert Cushman.....	1:31:08
Wassop, Sam Usher.....	1:31:11
Perch, Harry Griffin.....	1:32:14
Barracuda Jr., John Worcester.....	1:40:32
Bonito, Hector Carveth.....	1:47:29
Flounder, Endicott Osgood.....	1:48:20
Shad, Dick Mechem.....	1:49:34
Jelly Fish, Bill Cole.....	1:49:41
Snail, Dean Roberts.....	1:55:11
Shark II, Arthur Jameson.....	1:58:19
Tarpon, John Lowe Jr.....	2:26:01
Shrimp, Alicia Clark.....	2:45:05
Pollywog, Philip Cox.....	2:59:00

HANDICAP CLASS

Red Head, R. Cromwell.....	1:42:49
Porpoise, Morris Gregg.....	1:42:49
Jr.....	1:54:59
Klahowya II, Philip Cole.....	2:10:19
Moose II, William Fawcett.....	2:21:05
Heigh Ho, George Orr.....	Withdraw

Afternoon Races

BIRD BOATS

Wren, Robert Lufkin.....	1:36:50
Flamingo, Paul Woodbury.....	1:39:32
Avis, Norman Olsen.....	1:39:54
Canvassack, Robert Cox.....	1:40:46
Bobolink, Donald Usher.....	1:42:19
Oloof, Evelyn Woodbury.....	1:42:42
Cuckoo, Francis Farnam.....	1:42:47
Cockatoo, Bryan Russ.....	1:43:00
Oriole, John Mechem.....	1:43:29
Whistler, C. R. Swanson.....	1:46:58

FISH CLASS

Dab, David Dennison.....	1:24:53
Wassop, Sam Usher.....	1:26:07
Shad, Dick Mechem.....	1:27:18
Flying Fish, Albert G. Hale.....	1:27:19
Sea Horse, Barbara Mechem.....	1:27:38
Perch, Harry Griffin.....	1:29:32
Barracuda Jr., John Worcester.....	1:29:52
Sailfish, Paul Littlefield.....	1:30:00
Blackfish, Kirk Cornwell.....	1:30:00
Kingfish, Robert Cushman.....	1:33:03
Bonito, Hector Carveth.....	1:33:42
Pollywog, Philip M. Cox.....	1:33:42
Shark II, Arthur Jameson.....	1:34:03
Jellyfish, Bill Cole.....	1:34:47
Flounder, Endicott Osgood.....	1:35:39
Shrimp, Bill Fawcett.....	1:51:40
Snail, Dean Roberts.....	Disqualified
Tarpon, John Lowe.....	Disqualified



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GLOUCESTER

MOJALA OUTWITS RIVALS IN EASTERN POINT RACE

GLOUCESTER, July 14—Three classes sailed in this afternoon's races at Eastern Point, favored by a steady 10 to 12 knot southerly breeze. In the 20-raters Mojala and Popinjay had a fairly close tussle, but the issue was decided on the first leg to windward when Mojala broke away from her competitors and stood to the eastward.

In the Triangles it was Injun all the way. Midge had command throughout in the Star class. The summary:

CLASS R, 20-RATERS

Name and Owner	El Time
Mojala, Harry Wheeler.....	1:52:47
Popinjay, Jacob D. Cox Jr.....	1:53:30
Bonnie Prince, James L. Stuart Jr.....	1:54:49

TRIANGLE CLASS

Injun, Hastings Gamage.....	2:08:55
Black Bess, J. Henry Sleeper.....	2:11:08
Kittner II, Meredith Talbot.....	2:11:40
Cursor, William G. Brown Jr.....	2:12:10
Mavourneen, Gerald O'Brien.....	2:12:37
Idol, Elbridge C. Gale.....	2:13:24
Flirt, Bobby Elwell.....	2:13:36
Carodella, Priscilla Wanson.....	2:14:19
Tantala, Hyde Cox.....	2:14:29
Alito, Cunningham Brothers.....	2:14:55
Oriole, Kate Boyce.....	2:16:02
Scaleno, Torrance Bahr.....	2:18:05
Triton, Jane Rosenthal.....	2:20:45

INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS

Midge II, Isaac Patch Jr.....	1:56:30
Saturn, Mrs. J. S. Raymond.....	1:57:55

SANDY BAY Y. C.

ROCKPORT, July 14—Sailing, morning and afternoon, was put in at the Sandy Bay Yacht Club today. The afternoon races enlisted 25 boats for the regular Sunday series. A strong southwest breeze was blowing as the I Boats, the first class of the day, left the line, to sail two laps over a triangular course outside Rockport Harbor.

The summary:

I CLASS—8½ MILES

Name and Owner	El Time
Meri-Macs, Dr. William McGillion.....	1:41:05
Flicker, Herbert Evans.....	1:43:40
Lee, George Roberts.....	1:45:05
Onward II, Laura Cooney.....	D. N. F.

STAR CLASS—8½ MILES

Sans Souci, Homer Clark.....	1:55:05
Maidee, Beal Brothers.....	1:55:50
Star of India, Wendell and Hale.....	1:59:40
Ara, Gardner Roberts.....	2:04:25
Ibex, Max Kuehne.....	2:04:25
California, Currier Smith.....	2:04:50
Eclipse, Guy Hale.....	2:06:20

TRIANGLE CLASS—8½ MILES

Menikoe, Tewksbury Brothers.....	1:53:05
Allerga, Gerald Bruno.....	1:53:20
Trident, Dr. Roy Wheeler.....	1:54:05

SANDY BAY CLASS—8½ MILES

Robeno, Benton Story.....	2:02:30
Myrtice, A. Lindley Dean.....	2:03:40
Mamie, John Chianciola.....	2:04:20

O CLASS—7½ MILES

Big Dipper, Damon Carter.....	1:41:15
Sand Boy, Reynolds Beal.....	1:43:10
Hard Tack, Fred Davis.....	1:45:05
Sea Maid, Edith Cooney.....	1:45:10
Pegasus, Hannah Brothers.....	1:47:30

PILOT CLASS—5½ MILES

Greenhorn, Hoan Tufts.....	1:24:50
Flash, Thomas Murphy.....	1:25:25
Shiridee, Johnson Brothers.....	1:26:40

ROCKPORT C. C.—JULY 13

Handicap, Medal

Arthur Shutzer, 89—67; Frederick H. Tarr Sr., 92—68; G. N. Northrup, 92—68; Rex Bradley, 91—70; L. S. Hall, 94—70; Raymond C. Allen, 97—71; Capt. Loren A. Jacobs, 86—71; Dr. R. P. Hallett, 92—72; L. P. Klous, 98—71; Louis Rowser, 80—74; Louis A. Rogers, 102—75; O. C. Stiles, 89—77; L. F. Coy, 90—80.
--

Director's Cup

First Round—C. T. Porter beat Leon D. Lohrop, 3 and 1; L. E. P. Klous, 3 and 2; Capt. Loren A. Jacobs beat Henry L. Marshall, 20 holes; Dr. W. J. Powers beat Oliver Nelson, 20 holes; Joel P. Glass beat J. E. Eason, 2 and 1.

AT THE NORTH SHORE THEATRE

(Continued from page 5)

Sinister shadows, vampires that roam in the night, terror in its ultimate intensity, blend with suspense, thrills, romance and comedy in "Mark of the Vampire," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's amazing detective thriller, Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at the North Shore Theatre.

Lionel Barrymore heads the cast as Professor Zelen, amazing student of demonology who aids the police in ferreting out a vampire horde. Others are Bela Lugosi, of "Dracula" fame, Carol Borland is

Luna, his vampire daughter. Romance is provided by pretty Elizabeth Allen and Henry Wadsworth as the lovers in terror. Jean Hersholt is the dominating Baron Otto.

On the same bill is a very pretty comedy romance of the sea with Robert Young and Evelyn Venable.

STRAND THEATRE

FOR four days starting Friday, July 19, with all the splendor and magnificence that marked the famous novel upon which it is based, "She" comes to the screen.

It is one thing to create a fabulous kingdom of tall proportions in

words and artist's sketches. It is quite another to materialize it for the motion picture camera. A beautiful woman can be written about convincingly but when you come to photograph her she has to be beautiful to the eye.

The Kingdom of Kor, as Haggard described it, was a magnificent tropical country. It comes to the screen endowed with all of the splendor that the combined talents of the studio technical staffs and the wizardry of the motion picture camera could give. The ruler of Kor, the most beautiful woman of fiction, appears in the person of Helen Gahagan, noted stage and operatic star. Miss Gahagan has

been heralded as one of the most beautiful women of America, land of feminine glamour.

In support of Helen Gahagan are Randolph Scott, a young modern-day scientist who searches for and finds a flaming fountain of eternal youth, Nigel Bruce, another scientist who accompanies Scott on his expedition and shares his adventures in uncharted ice wastes, and Helen Mack, a mortal woman who wages a fierce conflict with the pagan queen for the love of Scott. Other important parts are played by Lumsden Hare, Gustav von Seyffertitz and Noble Johnson.

On the same program you will rave about Jan Kiepura, the lover

FLOYD IRESON VINDICATED

(Continued from page 7)

so poignant a source of distress to the succeeding generations who cling firmly to the glorious traditions of the sturdy old town. Skipper Ireson's house still stands, mutely protesting against the ancient slander. Curious sightseers have repeatedly wounded the sensibilities of the townspeople by thoughtless inquiries concerning the incident.

Skipper Ireson's persecutors would have needed scant apology for punishing him had the facts been in accordance with their understanding. The toll of the sea in human life was great. To have contributed to a loss that was preventable constituted a sin so heinous as to move them to take the law into their own hands. The casual summer stroller through the old burying grounds of the town finds the years of great storms at sea written upon the slabs of slowly disintegrating slate and marble. The losses had come to be accepted, mutely and patiently, as the will of God. The elements were uncontrollable and man was puny against them. Ireson's shipmates had stoutly asserted that a call for succor had fallen upon deaf ears and that men who might have been saved were ruthlessly abandoned by the skipper. With their background of fathers and brothers fallen prey to the insatiable sea, it is not difficult to understand why the people took action as they did. Rather may one marvel at their self-restraint. They did not seek his life; they were content to humiliate him.

"Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief, and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns'
twang,

Over and over the Maenads sang:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corrd' in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead.'"

But the women of Marblehead, so strikingly featured in the ballad, had nothing whatever to do with either his tarring and feathering or his ride!

More than half a century ago, a well-known woman lecturer visited Marblehead. By way of an introduction to her talk she remarked that it gave her great pleasure to address the descendants of those brave women made famous by their chastisement of the inhuman Skipper Ireson! Instantly from her audience there arose a storm of hisses. Glancing about timidly, she murmured, "I fear I have offended someone." Back came the reply, "You have insulted the whole people of Marblehead!" And to this day, "Skipper Ireson's Ride" should not be mentioned within the limits of the town. The fair name of its women has been besmirched and the resentment rankles, for the women of Marblehead were fishermen's wives; not fish-wives.

After his persecution, Benjamin Ireson made but one more voyage as a skipper. His spirit had been cowed. He became a simple dory-fisherman. For many years he dropped his lines in the bay and peddled his daily catch about the town from a wheel-barrow. As old age crept on, blindness overtook him. His last day's work done, he dragged his dory up the rocky lane of Oakum Bay where, resting before his door, it

slowly went to rot and ruin. On bright, sunny days he could often be seen sitting in it, usually with a small lad as a companion.

Happily, he never knew of Whittier's poem. Death claimed him—a broken old man—before "Skipper Ireson's Ride" made him notorious. Justice to his memory demands that the name of poor Flood Ireson, victim of false witness and poetic license, be cleared, as well as that of the women of Marblehead.

—FREDERICK LELAND RHODES.

GOOD HARBOR BEACH INN

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CLIVE BROOK HAPPY OVER "LOVES OF A DICTATOR"

Clive Brook, who made "Loves of a Dictator" with Madeleine Carroll in England, upon his return to New York en route to Hollywood, said:

"Actors who think in terms of the screen no longer feel that the Atlantic is any sort of a barrier between studios. At least that's how I frankly feel. I can think of nothing more delightful than trans-Atlantic commuting between studios."

Mr. Brook's delightful sense of humor is apparent in his own confession of a contrary point-of-view, depending on whether he's sojourning in America or in England.

"This may sound awfully quaint," Mr. Brook explains, "but when I'm in America all my British blood comes to the fore and I'm terribly English in my pet likes, but the moment I land in England, it's the other way around, and I literally go around shouting my admiration for everything American. Perhaps some day I'll become awfully modern and have myself psycho-analyzed."

Regarding "Loves of a Dictator," which he made under the direction of Victor Saville from the screen play by Benn W. Levy, Mr. Brook admits he was enormously interested in the story because it was a grand opportunity to impersonate a role off the beaten track of screen characterizations.

"Loves of a Dictator" is a Toeplitz Production presented by GB and showing Tuesday at the Strand Theatre. In addition to Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll the cast includes Emyln Williams, Helen Haye, Alfred Drayton, Nicholas Hannen and Isabel Jeans.

Among the previous screen successes of Mona Barrie, featured in "Mystery Woman," which comes on Tuesday, July 23, to the Strand Theatre, are "One Night of Love," with Grace Moore; "Such Women Are Dangerous," with Warner Baxter; "Sleepers East," Charlie Chan in London and "Carolina." She plays a starring role for the first time, however, in "Mystery Woman."

LITTLE THEATRE

BENN LEVY'S "Mrs. Moonlight" brings back to the Gloucester School of the Little Theatre two of its former members, Katharine Raht and Charles Edgecombe, both popular players of a few seasons ago, who can always be depended upon for splendid performances.

"Mrs. Moonlight" is a whimsical sort of play, somewhat reminiscent of the style of J. M. Barry. Sarah Moonlight wishes on a magical string of beads given her by her old Scotch nurse, Minnie, that she may never grow any older.

Realizing on her 28th birthday that she will in time become a freak, ridiculed by her friends and

estranged from her own family because of her queerness, she runs away, leaving a note for her husband suggesting that she is going to commit suicide.

Seventeen years later Sarah returns, in the guise of a relative whom none of the family have ever seen, to find her husband happily married to her stepsister, Edith. In appearance, Sarah is younger than her own daughter, Jane, whom she saves from an unfortunate marriage. Sarah leaves for Paris, where she earns a living as concert pianist and music teacher. As time goes on she finds it harder to obtain pupils, as her methods have become outdated, and three decades after her last visit to her family she again appears in their midst, this time ragged and ill. At first none of them knows her. Jane has become a middle-aged woman with a grown up son; Percy Middling, her husband, is a gray haired man; Willie Ragg, the rejected but friendly suitor also shows the passing of time and Minnie is now an old woman of eighty. Sarah Moonlight is still eighteen; forty-seven years have made absolutely no change in her face or figure.

She has come home to die, but

her death does not take place until she has seen her husband once again, and he, although he has lost his memory, recognizes in the shabby young woman, his beloved Mrs. Moonlight.

Honors this week go to Theodore Tiller, for his delightful interpretation of Willie Ragg, suitor extraordinary, whose love for Jane does not in the least deter him from falling in love with another girl and following her to Paris. Willie's prospects are a one-fourth ownership in a race horse, but Willie is sanguine, even in the face of stern disapproval on the part of Jane's father and step-mother, because Willie's sleek little head is perfectly capable of conjuring up some way out of any difficulty. Mr. Tiller had the good fortune to be cast in a role that fitted his talents to a T. He is a young man with an inborn sense of comedy which he has polished to a professional finish.

Robert Dixon, a newcomer to the Little Theatre, made a very satisfactory bow for himself in the difficult part of Percy Middling, the serious, slow witted lover who finally wins his lady. Percy always says the wrong thing; Willie too glibly says the right. Willie's insouciance outshines the steady glow of Percy's more sterling and much more solid virtues, but Percy wins Jane through a trick of Sarah's, and Willie goes on to the end of the chapter his own irresponsible and charming self. Mr. Dixon was especially fine in the proposal scene.

Remaining in the background, seemingly a part of it most of the time, Evelyn Williams did outstanding work in her portrayal of Minnie, the Scotch nurse. Never dropping her dialect for a moment, she raps out uncomfortably tart replies to anyone who opposes her. It is to be hoped Miss Williams will be given more character work to do this season.

Julia Meyer had a long and difficult role to play and she did it extremely well. It was she who was responsible for the hush that followed the last curtain. The

"AS HUSBANDS GO"

By Rachel Crothers

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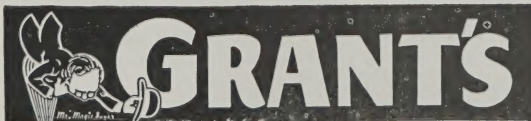
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Little Theatre is fortunate in having Miss Meyer. Charles Edgecombe made the most of Tom Moonlight, the rather pompous but altogether likeable husband of the strange, Peter Panish, unhappy Sarah. We'd like to have seen more of Katharine Raht, but, as always, she created a character, and during her brief appearances was more than satisfactory. Another pleasing actor cast in a small role was Walter Holbrook, who was only on the stage for a short time in the third act; Mr. Holbrook is an excellent juvenile.

—MILDRED SHUTE.

"AS HUSBANDS GO"

AFTER opening its present summer season with a serious play, "Martine," advancing into the realms of fantasy last week with the delightful "Mrs. Moonlight," the Gloucester School of the Little Theatre abandons itself to high comedy this Friday and Saturday, July 19th and 20th, offering "As Husbands Go," Rachel Crothers' most successful play of recent date.

"As Husbands Go," first produced in New York by John Golden a season or two ago with Miss Crothers waving the directorial baton after her duties as playwright were through, ran on Broadway for nearly a year and has since been a

favorite with stock companies and Little Theatres throughout the country. Its sparkling but pungent dialogue assures the actors of fool proof roles and rewards any audience with three acts of thought provoking nonsense and sly hilarity.

Prominently cast will be Katherine Dutcher, Walter Holbrook, Jean Wiems, Robert Dixon, and Frank Callender; with Edward Brooks, David Bryant, Caroline Monks, Mary Bigley, Betty Lynch, and Barry Mulligan in supporting roles. The attractive settings have been designed and constructed by Martin Fallon, assisted by Theodore Packard and Frances Norton.

Subscribers of old to the Little Theatre need no advice not to miss "As Husbands Go," but newcomers to Cape Ann are herewith warned that it promises to be one of the bright spots of the season. Miss it at your own risk!

An ancient melodrama, "Under the Gaslight," written by Augustin Daly in the 1880s and dug from some musty archive in this present 1935, will be the next offering of the Little Theatre on July 26th and 27th, and—as the managers of a bygone era would put it—at no advance in prices!

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ART (Continued from page 5)

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SECTION 1—Every driver of a vehicle, bus or other conveyance, approaching an intersecting way at which there exists facing him, an official sign, authorized by this Municipal Council, said sign having apart from this regulation, the written approval of the Department of Public Works of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bearing the word "STOP" shall before entering and proceeding through the intersection, bring such vehicle, bus or other conveyance to a complete STOP at such line as may be clearly marked, or, if there is no line so marked, at a place between the said sign and the line of the street intersection.

In the case of a line of two or more vehicles approaching such "STOP" sign, the drivers of the second and third vehicles in any group shall not be required to stop more than once at said designated line or place or in the immediate vicinity.

This ordinance shall not apply when the traffic is otherwise directed by a police officer or by any other lawful traffic regulating sign, signal or device.

SECTION 2—In accordance with the foregoing, the Municipal Council hereby authorize the erection and maintenance of an official "STOP" sign or "stop" signs so as to face:

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2—Northbound drivers on Centennial avenue at Washington st.

3—Southbound drivers on Centennial avenue at Western avenue.

4—Southbound drivers on Prospect street at Main street.

SECTION 3—Any persons found guilty of violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be guilty of misdemeanor and may be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty dollars (\$20.00) for each offence.

SECTION 4—All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

SECTION 5 — This ordinance shall take effect and be in force on and after the expiration of ten (10) days from the date of its final passage.

In Municipal Council, April 13, 1932.

Passed first and second readings and to be enrolled.

ALLEN F. GRANT, City Clerk
In Municipal Council, April 13, 1932, Passed to be ordained.

ALLEN F. GRANT, City Clerk

CITY OF GLOUCESTER

NOTICE

No person shall set, maintain or increase a fire in the open air between March 1st and December 1st except by written permission of the Chief of the Fire Department or the Fire Warden.

Persons wishing to burn rubbish, grass, etc., in the business or residential sections of the city, i. e. within the limits established by the Eastern avenue School on Eastern avenue and the cut bridge on Western avenue and the Green on Washington street, should apply to the Chief of the Fire Department. Those wishing to burn rubbish, brush, grass, etc., in the outlying portions of the city, that is outside of the limits as here set forth, whose fire would be on or near any wood, brush or grasslands, should apply to the Fire Warden.

Readers of this notice are cautioned to be extremely careful of matches, cigars and cigarettes while in or near any wood or brushland to prevent forest fires.

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